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## IRISH SOLDIERS.

1544. "In the siege of Boulogne, the Irish stood the armie in verie good sted, for they were not onely contented to burn and spoil all the villages thereunto adjoining, but also they would range twenty or thirty miles into the mainland, and furnish the campe with beefe. The French, with their strange kind of warfaring astonished, sent an ambassador to King Henrie, to learn whether he brought men with him or devils, that could neither be wonne with rewards, nor pacified by pitie; which the king turned to a jest. After that Boulogne was surrendered, there encamped on the west side of the towne, beyond the haven, an armie of Frenchmen, amongst whom there was a Thre-sonicall Goliath, that came to the brinke of the haven, and there challenged anie one of the English armie, that durst be so hardie as to bicker with him hand to hand. And albeit the distance of the place, the depth of the haven, and the nearness of his companie, imboldened him to the challenge, yet all this notwithstanding, an Irishman named NICHOLL WELSH, who after retained to the Earl of Kildare, louthing and disdainig his proud brass, flung into the water, and swam over the river, fought with the challenger, strake him for dead, and returned back to Boulogne with the Frenchman his head in his mouth, before the armie could overtake him; for which exploit he was, of all his companie, highly commended, so by the lieutenant he was highly rewarded."—*Hollinshed's Chronicle.*

## BRICK TEA.

This tea "serves both for drink and food. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese government of Tokien, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside, they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, brick tea." The Kalinucks and inhabitants of Siberia, "take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made on purpose, and throw the powder into a cast iron vessel, full of boiling water, adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or broth, is known by the name of Satouran." This brick tea serves also instead of money in the dealings of these people.—*Timkowsky's Mission to China.*

## FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

It is recorded that a battle was fought near Newtownhamilton, in the barony of Fews, county of Armagh, between O'Neil of Ulster, denominated Black Beard, (Fesog Dhu) and one of the princes of Louth, in which many were slain on both sides, and where O'Neil also fell: the quarrel is said to have originated at a feast given on the spot, by the Prince of Louth setting fire to O'Neil's beard, who did not relish so warm a reception. The beard seems to have been the seat of honour amongst the Milesians, and any affront offered to its flowing locks could only be expiated with the life of the offender. In later days the neighbourhood of the Fews has been infested by robbers, and three miles from Newtownhamilton a barrack was built to keep the freebooters in check. Two of their scattered party entered the country house of Mr. Kelso in that place one evening, knowing that he and his lady had gone to dine at a friend's, and that the men servants were absent; the robbers easily secured the two female domestics and proceeded to the parlour, where Miss Kelso was alone, a girl about eleven years old; they ordered her on pain of death to shew them where the plate and money were kept, and she led them to a closet which contained all the valuables: whilst they were engaged in ransacking the presses, she silently left the room and shut the door, which had a spring lock; and as there was but one small window, secured by iron bars, she felt certain that the robbers could not possibly escape; meanwhile Miss Kelso and released the servant women, who and with their assistance col-

lected straw, dry sticks, and whatever combustibles were about the place, and making a heap of these, lighted them on an eminence which would be seen from the house where her parents were. The plan succeeded—the blaze soon attracted observation—and Mr. Kelso returned as soon as possible, with all the assistance he could assemble to extinguish the supposed fire in his house. On his arrival he was agreeably surprised to learn how matters stood, and seized the robbers without difficulty.

In 1774, an honest Welch farmer died in the neighbourhood of Festiniog, a village in Merionethshire, who was one hundred and five years of age; had married three wives, and had fifty-one children; thirty of the number by his first wife; his youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest; and eight hundred persons descended from him attended his funeral.

During the attack of the fort on Sullivan's Island by the British in 1776, Lee, the American general, exposed himself to great danger; as the balls whistled around, he observed one of his aides-de-camps shrink continually, and by the motion of his body seemed to evade the shot.—"Death, Sir," cried Lee, "what do you mean—do you dodge? Do you know that the King of Prussia lost above one hundred aide-de-camps in one campaign." "So I understood, Sir," replied the officer, "but I did not think you could spare so many."

## THE WISH.

Remote from cities, low, but neat,  
In some sequestered grove,  
An humble cot be my retreat,  
The scene of peace and love.

Around my little cottage door,  
The passion flower should twine;  
The low-thatched roof all covered o'er  
With rose and eglantine.

But what were such gay scenes to me,  
Nay, all the world beside,  
Without the one I loved, to be  
My bosom friend—my guide.

Give me but this—I ask no more,  
Nor envy courtly state;  
No equipage should at my door  
In pompous splendour wait.

With such I should well pleas'd behold  
The rosy morn appear;  
The sun resplendently unfold  
The beauties of the sphere.

Well pleased to watch the day decline  
Beyond the illumin'd west,  
And view the scene, almost divine,  
Sink pensively to rest.

My morning prayers (wou'dst thou receive)  
Oh! God should rise to thee;  
The lifting of my hands at eve,  
A sacrifice should be.

Thus happily in this lone dale,  
I'd spend youth's brightest bloom,  
Thus tranquil journey down life's vale,  
And sink into the tomb.

W. C. L.

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